

# THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"A UNION OF THE WHIGS FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION."—WIS.

VOLUME X.]

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## TERMS:

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## AGENTS.

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R. W. Allison, Concord, N. C.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER, 1839.	Sun	Sun	MOON'S PHASES.
	ris	sets	
21 Thursday,	7	14 59	For November, 1839. P. M. M.
22 Friday,	7	14 59	
23 Saturday,	7	24 58	
24 Sunday,	7	34 57	
25 Monday,	7	34 57	
26 Tuesday,	7	44 56	New 6 3 0 morn.
27 Wednesday	7	54 55	First 11 4 2 morn.
			Full 20 9 2 even.
			Last 27 5 15 even.

## RURAL ECONOMY.



From the Journal of Commerce.

### PROFITS OF SCIENCE FOR FARMERS.

The more any man thinks of the agricultural interest, the more thoroughly he must be convinced of the importance of it to this country collectively, as well as to vast multitudes of its citizens one by one. Of course we must take into consideration the improvement of the science, art, or profession, as it may be called. At present, it is comparatively in a crude condition throughout the country, though much more advanced in some sections than in others. In New England they are generally ahead of the rest of us; at least in many things: a result brought about partly by the sterility of the soil and climate, and partly by the greater age of their settlement and civilization. They have found out that not a living merely is to be found by it, but "money"—nay, fortunes; and this is an art which we wish to circulate in other regions, where at present the richness of the soil, the general climate, speculation, transient circumstances, and good luck, are more relied on than skill, and where agriculture is made in fact a mere shift rather than a science, or even a business. Let us illustrate our meaning by a few fresh specimens of Yankeeism. Take peat land to begin with. In some sections of this country there is a vast tract of it entirely waste. Not so in Massachusetts—not so in Middlesex county at least. Dr. Jackson, in his third Geological Report on Maine, gives us a letter from Mr. Phinney, of Lexington, Massachusetts, who says that he considers peat grounds by far the most valuable part of his farm—more valuable than his wood-lots for fuel, and more than double the value of an equal number of acres of his uplands for the purposes of cultivation.

Some years since, it appears, he occasionally sold to his neighbors a few rods of his peat land yearly, to be cut out for fuel, at three dollars per rod, being at the rate of four hundred and eighty dollars per acre; but finding the sum to be less in its value for cultivation especially when laid to grass, he has declined making further sales at that price. He has raised on his reclaimed meadows, he adds, seventy-five bushels of corn, five hundred bushels of potatoes, or from four to five tons of the best hay, at a first and second cutting, to the acre, at a less expense of labor and manure than would be required to produce half this crop upon the uplands. He suggests an account of the process by which these results are obtained, but our purpose is effected by calling attention to the subject, and for the details we must refer to the report above cited, or to the New England Farmer of September 11th. But we must not omit to mention that tillage is but one use of peat lands.—Mr. P. says: "I have for twenty years past resorted to my peat meadows for fuel.—These, with the prunings of my fruit trees, and the brush from my uncleared lands, have given me my whole supply." This, in some sections is a great consideration. There is something very pleasant, too, in a peat light. The smoke does not injure the eyes, and it is in every way more healthy than coal. One hint more:

"I have annually, for some years past, used on my farm some hundreds of loads of peat-mud, which is either thrown into my bog sty or mixed with fresh dung or lime. When mixed with green stable manure, the proportions are two parts of peat-mud to one of dung; and I am confident, from repeated experiments, that a load of this compost well mixed and fermented will give as great a produce, and a more permanent improvement to the soil than the same quantity of stable manure."

Thus, Mr. Phinney appears to understand himself all round. He is the gentleman of whom it was lately stated that he cleared three thousand dollars by his bogs. Thus, he says, is an exaggeration, but he confesses to a part of it. He keeps two or three hundred, besides pigs.

Again, we have an account of the farm of Col. Moore, of Concord, same county.—Much of his land, a few years since, was thought worthless, and by the mass of farmers themselves, low, soggy, meadow, land covered with dog-wood and skunk cabbage. Nothing daunted, however, the Colonel went to digging and draining, and so on, and the

result is, that he has at this moment thirty acres of reclaimed meadow, which, for grass or any other crop he is not afraid to compare with any thirty acres in the county of Middlesex that might be selected from one or a dozen farms.

He cut last year from eighty-four rods of this meadow, by actual weight, of well made hay 3,805 pounds, and is confident that he has taken this year at the rate of four tons per acre. He has also raised at the rate of ninety bushels of corn to the acre. We have never seen, says our informant, a more promising field of ruta bagas, or finer oats than were growing at the present time on his place.

Take another illustration. A late New England Farmer gives an account of a Mr. Penniman's place at Dedham, near Boston. It contains about one hundred acres. Mr. P. is a Bostonian, and has taken it recently. The first thing he did was to make a geological survey of his premises, and he was rewarded by the discovery of two valuable mines, viz. One of fine granite where stones of almost any description may be got out for underpinning, door steps, &c. very valuable in Dedham, as there is a deficiency of good granite for building. Secondly, a valuable mine of meadow manure of which there is an inexhaustible supply. It is remarked that, although this farm has been cultivated probably from the first settlement of the town this treasure has remained undisturbed. The case reminds us of a similar one, not far from the same locality, and which fell within our own knowledge.

A young man, self-educated, and well educated, came up from Maine, with cash in his pocket, to buy "a place." He wanted one near Boston, and found one to suit him. The owner showed him over it, and, among other things, extolled a little spot of green stone which in one place peeped out of ground; he thought \$50 worth might be got out there as likely as not. Our young man saw for himself, and said nothing. He bought the place very low, the owner having in fact no idea of its value; and at present is receiving from his quarries alone a revenue sufficient to support him, while the price of the farm is at least double what it was in the market. And this again leads us to a good story, somewhere told by Mrs. Child, of a farmer, not fifty miles from Boston famous for the improvement he has made in the wild grape. He found a vine in the woods, which dozens of his neighbors passed every week as well as he; but he observed that where the oxen fed upon the vine the grapes were largest and sweetest. He took the hint. The vine was transplanted, and closely pruned. This produced the same effect as browsing had done; the nourishment that, in a wild state, supported a great weight of vines and tendrils, went entirely to the body of the grape. His neighbors would have known this as well as he, Mrs. C. remarks, if they had thought about it; but they did not observe.

This attention it is—this intelligence—this being wide awake to business whatever it is—which makes the great difference, after all between one man's success and another's. It is lately remarked, that the observations made in regard to the grain-worm, or weevil, have led many farmers to sow their wheat later; by so doing they have saved their crops. It has been observed that the insect came out at a number of days. Hence, by sowing the wheat later, so that it should not be headed out, it was expected it would escape the ravages of the insect in question. And so it proved.

A farmer who will probably have 500 bushels of good wheat, is mentioned as having stated that if he had sowed it ten days earlier, as he intended to, he should have lost the whole.

**Printer's Devils.**—There are two accounts of the origin of this title. One of them says there was a Mons. Deville or Deville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with De haune, De Val, De Ashwood, De Uffine, D'Umsing, &c. A descendant of this Monsieur Deville, in the direct line, proving very expert, became afterwards his apprentice, and in time, an eminent printer; from him the order of printer's Devils, or devils, took their names. The other account says, if they took it from internal devils, it was not because they were messengers frequently sent in darkness, and appearing as scorpions would suggest, but upon a very reputable account; for John Faust, or Faustus, of Mentz, in Germany, was the first inventor of the art of printing, which art so surprised the world that they thought him a conjuror, and called him Dr. Faustus, and his art the black art. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run errands, who were all ways very black, some of whom being raised to be his apprentices, and afterwards raising themselves in the world, he was very properly said to have raised many a devil.

**Corn meal risk.**—Among the many delicacies in the form of bread, which render the enjoyment of breakfast so acceptable, we know of none more deserving of notice than one prepared according to the following receipt:

Take 6 cups full of corn meal 4 of wheat flour, 2 of molasses, 2 table spoonful of salt, mix the whole together, and knead it into dough; then make two cakes, bake them as you would pone, for three quarters of an hour, and you will have one of the most grateful descriptions of bread that ever graced the table.—Farmer and Gardener.

**American Newspapers.**—Out of the thirteen thousand papers in the civilized world, upwards of eleven thousand are issued in the United States. How gratifying must this intelligence be to every American who loves his country and reveres her institutions.

## WHAT IS USEFUL EDUCATION.

We put the question in reference to the great body of the American youth, who are to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and, under Providence, to wield the future destinies of our country. Two principles should be aimed at—to provide for themselves honorably under ordinary contingencies—and qualifying them to become useful to society. The times as well as universal experience abundantly admonish that, however the children of wealth may indulge in indolence and dissipation, while their means last—the great mass of American youth must and ought to depend upon their labor for their fortunes and their usefulness. Fortune is at best precarious—patrimonial dependence is uncertain, and reliance upon the friendship or charity of the world, or upon office, is frail and delusive. Self dependence is the only sure stay. We are willing to help those who help themselves. Productive labor is the legitimate source of all the wealth, individual or national—and labor is profitable to the individual and to the nation, in proportion to the measure of intelligence and scientific knowledge which guides and directs its operations. Hence it is of primary importance that our youth should be effectually taught to labor, and that their minds should be early imbued with that kind of knowledge which will instruct them in the principles of their business, render it honorable, and make them independent in their conduct and in fortune.

We have, to be sure, Colleges and Academies more than can well be supported, or that can be made economical and useful.—But these are in a measure consecrated to the learned professions—to the privileged few—for they are privileged, inasmuch as they are the exclusive recipients of public bounty in the higher branches of learning. Productive labor receives little or no advantage from their teaching. Few of the youth who enter their halls, ever seek for a livelihood in the laboring arts. They learn to look upon labor as servile and degrading, and to seek their living in what they consider the higher classes of society. They do not go to these schools to learn to work, or to learn to live by work—in the common meaning of these terms—but to learn to live without work or above work. They are virtually withdrawn from the producing classes. These young aspirants flock to the learned professions and genteel employments, as the avenues to honor and office; and notwithstanding labor is taxed heavily in one way or another, to supply their real or imaginary wants, yet the genteel professions have become overstocked, and the threatened famine of the future, with all its horrors, that hundreds and thousands are thrown back, as parasites upon society, exhibiting the melancholy spectacle of men born to be useful, but unable or unwilling from the bias of a wrong education, to become so. Let the Standard of Education be raised.—GEO. EVERETT.

## CULTURE OF THE MIND.

Mind makes the man—Want of it—the fool.

This motto, somewhat altered from Pope, has a peculiar bearing upon the agriculturist. The farmer possesses all the privileges, and most of the advantages of other classes of the community; and if he will improve his mind, his influence will be as potent, and his example as salutary, as the influence and example of any other profession. The richest natural soil will produce neither bread nor meat without culture.—The highest natural gifts of intellect will not profit the possessor, unless, like the rich soil, they are cultivated with assiduity and care. Good culture not only improves the mind, and fits it for high mental gratification and enjoyment, but it lightens the toils and greatly increases the profits of labor. Franklin owed his fame, his fortune and his usefulness, to his early habits of study, of industry, and of virtue. Without these early habits, he probably would have risen to neither fame nor fortune. Some minds, like some soils, are naturally richer than others; yet even apparently sterile minds, like unfruitful soils, may, by good culture, be made to yield great returns.—Let the young farmer, then, aspire to the highest honors of the nation, by cultivating his intellectual faculties; and if he does not attain the goal of his wishes, he may be sure of greatly improving his condition, and of benefiting others, provided always, that he is industrious and honest. However mental and servile agricultural labor may have been considered among the privileged classes of Europe, and however degrading it may yet be held by the would be Aristocracy of America, it has commanded the respect of good men in every age, and constituted in our country, the favorite study and employment of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, and a Jackson; of an Humphrey, a Livingston, a Shelby, an Armstrong, a Lowell, a Lincoln, and a great many others, whose names will stand out in bold relief upon the future annals of our country. Let, then, no young aspirant for fame and usefulness, shun rural employment, because it does not feed his hopes of distinction; and let no one, engaged in this employment, forego the opportunity which his condition presents, of cultivating his mind, as the surest means of sinking the fellow, and raising the dignity of the man.—Cultivator.

We know of no portion of society who live more lonely than old bachelors. They eat alone, go to bed alone, rise alone and go to the devil alone.

"Here's to internal improvement," as the sick man said when he swallowed a dozen of Peters' Pills.

## THE LOST PLEIAD.

The singular constellation of the Pleiades (the seven stars) is first mentioned in the Book of Job, chap. ix, verse 9. He asks: "Who shall contend with the Almighty, who made Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and scatter up the stars?" This book is of great antiquity, indeed. Even in his day, Pleiades had a name, and was a remarkable object in the heavens. It is known that, by comparing the starry firmament with the tradition and history of ancient times, some stars are missing from the heavens, and have been so for centuries. Whether they will ever appear again, or whether the ancients have burnt out, expired by the limitation assigned to them by their Maker, or gone to lighten up or adorn other parts of the great empyrean, cannot be known.—Whether or not they have travelled away into space, and after a revolutionary lustration, will return and take their station, is alike unknown; or whether a veil is thrown over their disc, by Him who "scattereth up the stars," we know not. They are invisible to mortal eyes now. For more than eighteen centuries, the Lost Pleiad has been celebrated. New stars have often appeared in the galaxy, or milky way, and afterwards disappeared, but there is none, of all the heavenly lights, which has attracted so much attention as the departure of this one of the seven stars. Ovid was born 43 years before Christ. This Italian poet speaks of it: "Quæ septem—sex." Those who were seven are now six. The changeless state of society in the East, and, indeed, would seem to have enabled the shepherds on the plains and mountains of Judea, in their nightly observations of the Heavens, to mark the hour when the bright wanderer left his sphere. The fact seems admitted, although the time of its occurrence is unknown.

Heard furnished in the age of Homer, 900 years before Christ. The writings of Job, Hezekiel, and Homer are among the most ancient known to the world. Hezekiel speaks of the Okeanos, or nymphs) daughters of Oceanus, to whom prayers were offered to protect sailors from storms and dangerous tempests. These daughters were seven. Pleione was their mother. Their names were Celestia, Metope, Maie, Electra, Tageta, Sterope, and Celoeno. After death they were placed in the heavens, where they formed a constellation called Pleiades. Six of these daughters were appointed to distinguished heroes, who were apotheosized, or deified, as was then common to such men. Metope married Silphus, son of Eolus, a mortal; and, although she was changed into a constellation after death, the star of Metope looked more dim and obscure than the rest.

One who writes beautiful poetry in our own country has given his version of this wonderful event in Nature, in the most pleasing manner, in the following short poetic effusion, to introduce which the foregoing remarks were penned. Its mythological structure is his own:

## THE LOST PLEIAD.

There were seven sisters, and each wore  
A starry crown, as hand in hand,  
By Hesperus' way they led the Hours,  
The satellites of his virgin band.  
And love would never let them part,  
Were just, their sister's room to sing,  
And lingered till it seemed, with eye  
Of rapturous gaze, and full of wing.  
For under earth, in air, or sea,  
None thrilled more than to the lyre  
Of heaven-tuned, rose nightly from  
The lips of that young virgin choir.  
But they were coy, or seeming coy,  
These ministrants of the twilight hour—  
Noms of the sky, as cold and shy  
As blossoms of the woodland bower.  
'Twas ere, when Hesper came to wake  
His starry troop, but wept for one—  
The brightest, fairest of the group,  
Where all were bright and fair—was gone!  
They found within her lower the harp  
To which was tuned her vespere hymn;  
The star-gods of her coronet;  
And one was with a tear-drop dim.  
They told how Love had at the gate  
Of twilight lingered long before  
The daylight set; but he was gone,  
And she, the last one seen no more.  
(George Hill's Poem.)

## THE BITE BITTEN.

A picaresque lawyer, a short time ago, in the course of a predatory excursion against the fishy tribe, was throwing his line in the river Wolland at a village three or four miles to the West of Stamford, when he hooked a very fine pike; it required some little exercise of skill to get him to land, and his exertions were eagerly rewarded by a gaping native; he was at length successful, and the gasping fish was laid upon the bank. Hodge expressed his wonderment at the open jaws and sharp teeth of Mr. Pike, and was advised by the lawyer (who was thinking perhaps of the many clients he himself had bitten), to put his finger in the fish's mouth by way of experiment; "Now, now," said Hodge, "but he may just take a grab of my dog's tail, if he looks." Sating the action to the word, he inserted the tip of the dog's tail between the jaws of the pike, which were instantly closed.—Away went the dog, and away went the fish dangling at his tail, to the high gratification of the countryman and to the dismay of the cunning lawyer. The latter raised a shout to stop the thief, and entreated Hodge to call back his dog; but calling was of no use, they were soon out of sight, and the fish, irretrievably lost to the quill driver, was soon deposited beneath the humble roof of the villager, who left the lawyer endeavoring to catch another fish, but not very well pleased at being outwitted by a rustic, who had thus proved himself to be the cleverer conveyancer of the two.—Stamford Mercury.

## FROM THE CLAREMONT EAGLE.

### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow, whose name we veil under that of Hunk, died in the adjacent town of Charlestown last week, who would have been a capital subject for Dickens, and might have sat to Scott for his unimpaired character of Trapbois in the Fortunes of Nigel. He was a miserly, close fisted old hunk, a real skinflint, who it was supposed by his neighbors, had scraped together as such characters will, in one way and another, a considerable amount of money. This was not known, however. Some said that he had money concealed in the earth—others, judging from the slovenly manner in which he lived and dressed, that he had nothing but the few acres which he cultivated. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last Death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold, laid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight, which inhabits the bosom of the miser alone. Disease, however, wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, and could only, as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands, as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back. One day during the last stages of his disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him. "Go down cellar (said he) and in the further corner you will find a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. "Now go to another corner," said the miser describing the place. A day or two after, when he found he must leave all his earthly treasure, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and in another box was found cunningly concealed, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given into the keeping of his neighbor for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he didn't like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He however consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures—no inconsiderable sum—were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died an advanced age, one whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems trying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one—a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it—for he feigned and was thought poor—but because the mere habit of accumulation had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he could hug with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as on earth. But we will not sermonize—the lesson conveyed by the sketch is left with the reader.

## PRIDE MORTIFIED.

At a ball given in Plymouth, a celebrated watering place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Göttingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him, "With whom have I the honor of dancing?" "I am the tutor of Count Von Z—," replied her partner. "And a companion, I presume," she rejoined; to which he answered in the affirmative. "Oh, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner." This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if no longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is. The young man quitted the room and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress. "You shall have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball room, followed by his tutor. The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz: the young count requested the rejecter of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put.—"With whom have I the honor of dancing?" "With Lady Von Z—," she replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side. He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room. Few will deny that it was a well merited punishment.

"I'll cut your acquaintance," as the sword said to the gentleman who he was a gold to fight his friend.

**New mode of Resuscitation from Drowning.**—At the late annual meeting of the Bristol Humane Society, the society's silver medal was presented to Dr. Fairbrother, of Clifton, for his exertions in recovering a boy who had been under the water in the floating harbor a quarter of an hour, and another quarter of an hour had elapsed before the doctor could operate upon the body. The most remarkable feature in this case is the new mode by which Dr. Fairbrother succeeded in his laudable object, namely, by closing the boy's mouth with his finger, sucking off the foul air from the lungs through the nostrils, and prompting respiration by pressing on the abdominal muscles on the sides. The usual method is to inflate the lungs, but it is very seldom that persons are recovered by this method if they have been longer than a few minutes under the water.—Worcester Journal.

**Something New.**—The butchers of Cincinnati have formed a "Butcher's Library and Education Society," and have commenced a course of lectures at their meetings. Do not smile grave reader. Among these class are to be found Bank Directors and Bank Presidents with no small share of the wealth of the Emporium of Pork in the western world.

"That's a thumper," as the mortar said to the pestle.

## J. ROX

WAS taken from one of the Offices of the Mansion House, containing a pair of fine DULLING PISTOLS, with the necessary apparatus belonging thereto. It has either been taken through mistake or stolen. Any person returning the same shall be rewarded for their trouble. The Pistols are English make, and the box containing them is Mahogany.

Nov. 19, 1839.

## BOYD'S HOTEL, Charleston, S. C.



THE undersigned (formerly of the Charlotte Hotel, North Carolina) takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and the traveling community, that he will open the Hotel (kept by the late Maj. Norris) on the corner of King and Queen streets, about the 1st of December next. With his experience and the undivided attention which he will give, he flatters himself that those who favor him with their patronage, will be satisfied and feel at home. To produce these effects no efforts will be spared. The House is now undergoing a thorough repair which will make it present quite a different appearance.

November 1, 1839.

## COMBINED ATTRACTION!!



## CIRCUS AND GIRAFFE Exhibition United.

TO be exhibited at Charlotte on Monday, November 25th, 1839, for one day only. Hours of Exhibition from half after 12 to 4 P. M. Admission 50 Cents. Children and Servants half price.

The Proprietors of the Giraffe and New York Circus and Arena Company respectfully inform the Public that they have entered into arrangements to travel and exhibit together at the same time and place under a pavilion large enough to hold both exhibitions and accommodate 3,000 spectators.

## The Giraffe or Camelopard.

This stupendous, majestic, and beautiful animal is acknowledged to be the greatest wonder of the animal kingdom. It is not only the tallest of all known creatures, but the rarest and most singular character. It has been the greatest desideratum of naturalists in all ages, and but few specimens have been seen for the last thousand years. It was known to the Persians about 2,000 years ago, having been brought as a present to Hyastepes, father of Darius I, several centuries before the Christian era, by Abyssinians, who brought it from the interior of Africa, where alone it has ever been found.

## THE CIRCUS.

This exhibition is fitted up in a style which renders it superior to any thing of the kind in the country. Every exertion will be made on the part of the Equestrians as well as the Managers to make it interesting and worthy of patronage. The scene in the circle will present a variety of new and interesting feats of Horsemanship and other varied scenes of amusement and Equestrian Exercises, which will constitute the most delightful and genteel entertainment ever offered in this place.

## MR. NELLIS,

A young man, born without arms, will give an Exhibition with his Toes at the same time and place of the Giraffe Exhibition. For particulars of performance see bills. Admission 25 cents. Entrance to this splendid Exhibition from the inside of the Giraffe and Circus Pavilion.

The above will be Exhibited at Concord on Saturday, November 23d, 1839.

Warrantee Deeds for sale at this Office.